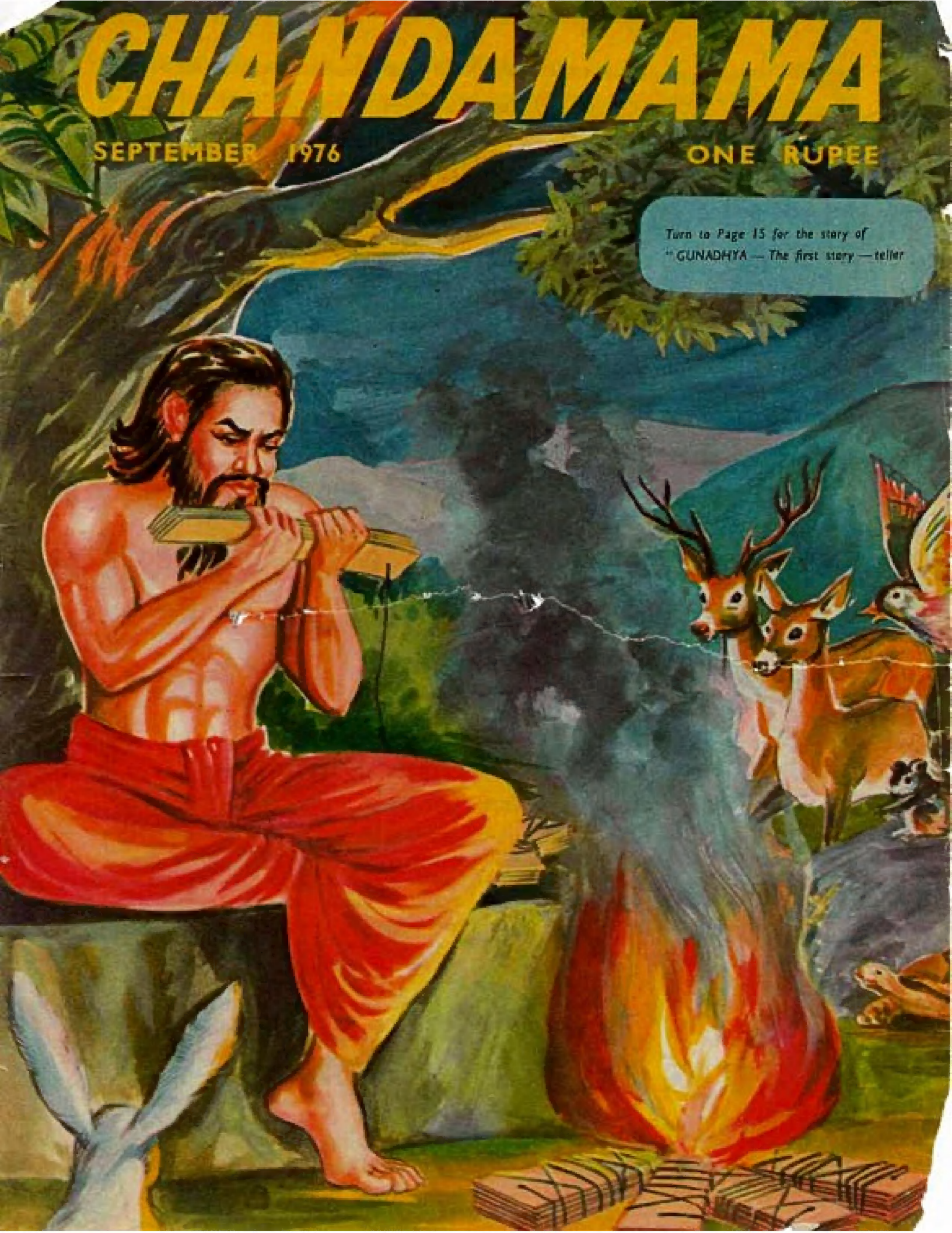


# CHANDAMAMA

SEPTEMBER 1976

ONE RUPEE

Turn to Page 15 for the story of  
"GUNADHYA — The first story — teller"







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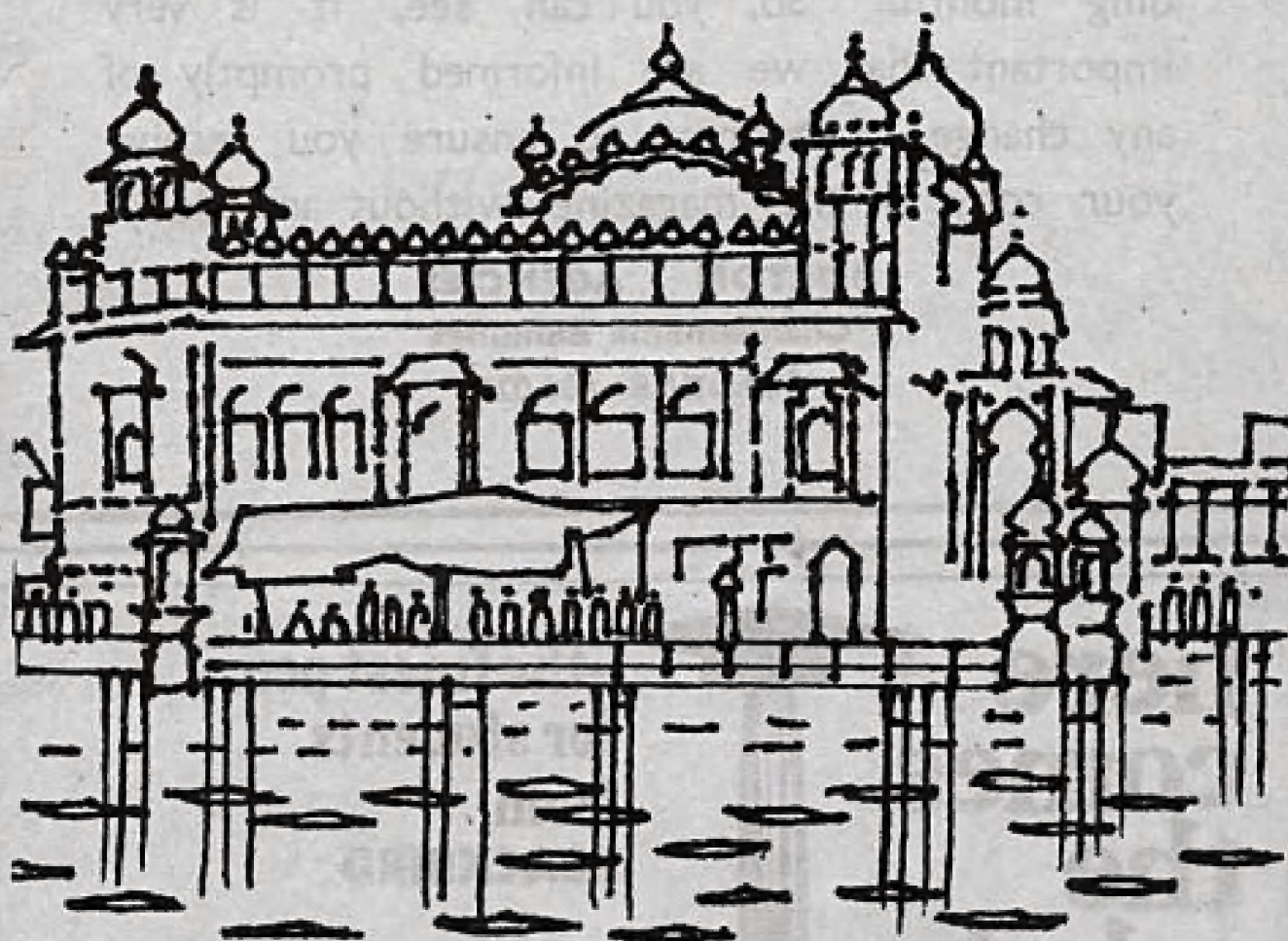


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Name..... Age.....

Address.....

Send entries before : 20-9-1976

Please see that the complete picture is painted

**CONTEST NO.4**

\* Name and address should be written in ENGLISH \*



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## HOMAGE TO SHRI CHAKRAPANI

Victor Hugo said that there is nothing as powerful as an idea for which the time has come. . But even when the right time came for a certain idea, Providence had His own chosen instrument for expressing and executing it.

All people of goodwill desire national integration. They show various ways to achieve the goal. The late Shri Chakrapani's idea and approach in this direction were certainly original. While others had in their view the nation of today, his gaze was fixed on the nation of to-morrow. He aspired for giving the children of India—children of all the regions of this vast sub-continent—bouquets of light and delight, with which they could dream and grow together. Thus was born the **Chandamama**, which, by and by, has bloomed into twelve editions in twelve languages !



A *fait accompli* today, it was nothing less than an adventure yesterday. But Shri Chakrapani was not only an inspired spirit, he

knew the art of inspiring others. His life was an illustration of his vision. For instance, because he believed in the value of the interchange of ideas and emotions within the nation, he enriched his mother-tongue by translating several classics from a sister language. The de-

termination with which he plunged into a work and the firm patience with which he saw it completed were his other secrets for inspiring his companions.

Shri Chakrapani left us a year ago. But the direction he has given to the **Chandamama** publications continues and will continue to guide us. Green is his memory for us—his colleagues and admirers—and green will it continue to be for the innumerable readers of the **Chandamama**.





# CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 7

SEPTEMBER 1976

No. 3

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

## THE GREAT AUTHOR OF A FORGOTTEN WORK

"A story within a story - and yet another within it - hundreds of tales of kings and demons, of clever young men and beautiful young ladies, of treacherous plotters and endearing simpletons, of talking animals and magic mountains, of enchanted castles and brave adventurers" is the description of the *Kathasaritsagara* given by one of our writers.

Centuries have passed, but the appeal of the *Kathasaritsagara*, the world's oldest collection of stories, has hardly diminished. The only work that merits comparison with it is the *Panchatantra*, which again has the distinction of being the world's oldest collection of fables. As the *Panchatantra's* influence extended as far as the famous fables of Aesop, so did *Kathasaritsagara's* to the stories of the *Arabian Nights*, to give only one instance.

What is the element in these two great works of ancient India which does not let them grow timeworn or hackneyed? It is their brilliant revelation or interpretation of the human nature. They continue to help us to develop an insight into the affairs of the world.

Although we are familiar with the *Kathasaritsagara*, little is known about its source, the *Brihat Katha*. In our series on the builders of India's heritage, this time we introduce to you Gunadhya, the great author of this forgotten work.



## IN THIS ISSUE

- \* An Illustrated feature on the **DEFENDER OF ASIRGARH**
- \* Two Great Legends : **INDIA'S FIRST STORY-TELLER** and **THE SINNER AND HIS FRIEND**
- \* A Story with a Magic Trick and a Story of King Vikram and the Vampire

**PLUS 5 COMPLETE STORIES  
AND OTHER REGULAR FEATURES**

## PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Devidas Kasbekar



Mr. N. Sundararajan

- \* These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- \* Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 30th **SEPTEMBER**
- \* Winning captions will be announced in **NOVEMBER** Issue.
- \* Write your entry on a **POST CARD**, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to : **PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST, CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE, MADRAS - 600 026**

### Result of Photo Caption Contest held in July Issue

The prize is awarded to: Miss Renuka Mohan,  
1269 - Sector II, R. K. Puram, New Delhi 110 022.

Winning Entry — 'Moving in Time' — 'Timing the Moves'



## NEWS FOR YOU...

### **The Talking Computer has Arrived!**

Scientists have been thinking of an "artificial intellect" since long. The project seems practicable with the advancement in the making of the electronic computers. You had read about the talking computer of MIT, America, which could utter a few words 'learnt' by its electronic brain, in the July, 1975 number of your magazine. We had then exclaimed, "The Talking Computer is Coming!" Now is the time to exclaim, "It has already arrived!" There is a computer at the Institute of Cybernetics of the Ukrainian Academy of Science which can answer your questions as efficiently as a child of three years, "naturally, as long as the rules of the game

are observed." If you ask it a difficult question, its reply would be, "I don't understand!" Its voice has no modulation, and hence may sound monotonous to you. Is it not rather good that with such a voice he does not go on talking like an adult?

### **Old Man and the Earth!**

In our April 1976 number you had read about a scientist declaring our earth as 2,000 million years old. Now the latest theory about the age of man comes from Mary Leakey, anthropologist, working in East Africa. She has discovered the remains of men who lived 3.75 million years ago, her finds being at least a million years older than any other previous discovery of the kind. This new evidence shows that the lineage of man goes much further back than believed till recently.

## ....AND SOME VIEWS TOO

### **A Guide to 20th Century Thoughts on Truth**

Because I have confidence in the power of truth and of the spirit. I believe in the future of mankind.

—Albert Schweitzer

A man may say, 'From now on I'm going to speak the truth.' But the truth hears him and runs away and hides before he's even done speaking.

—Saul Bellow

The truth is cruel, but it can

be loved, and it makes free those who have loved it.

—George Santayana

My way of joking is to tell the truth. It's the funniest joke in the world.

—George Bernard Shaw

Whoever undertakes to set himself up as a judge in the field of Truth and Knowledge is shipwrecked by the laughter of the gods.

—Albert Einstein

A harmful truth is better than a useful lie.

—Thomas Mann



## A RACE WITH A DIFFERENCE

There was a king who was extremely fond of horse race. He gathered expert riders and made them race. The owner of the horse which surpassed all others in speed bagged a handsome reward from the king.

Once the court jester proposed, "My lord! For a change, please announce that this time the horse that would come last would receive the reward."

"Then they will never gather speed. What would be the fun?" asked the king.

"Just try and see," said the jester.

The king summoned Raghu and Ramu, two well-known riders, and asked them to have a race, announcing that he who would come out last would receive the reward.

The riders looked puzzled. But the jester took them aside and whispered some advice. They looked bright and began the race. Their speed that day was in no way slower than what it was on other days.

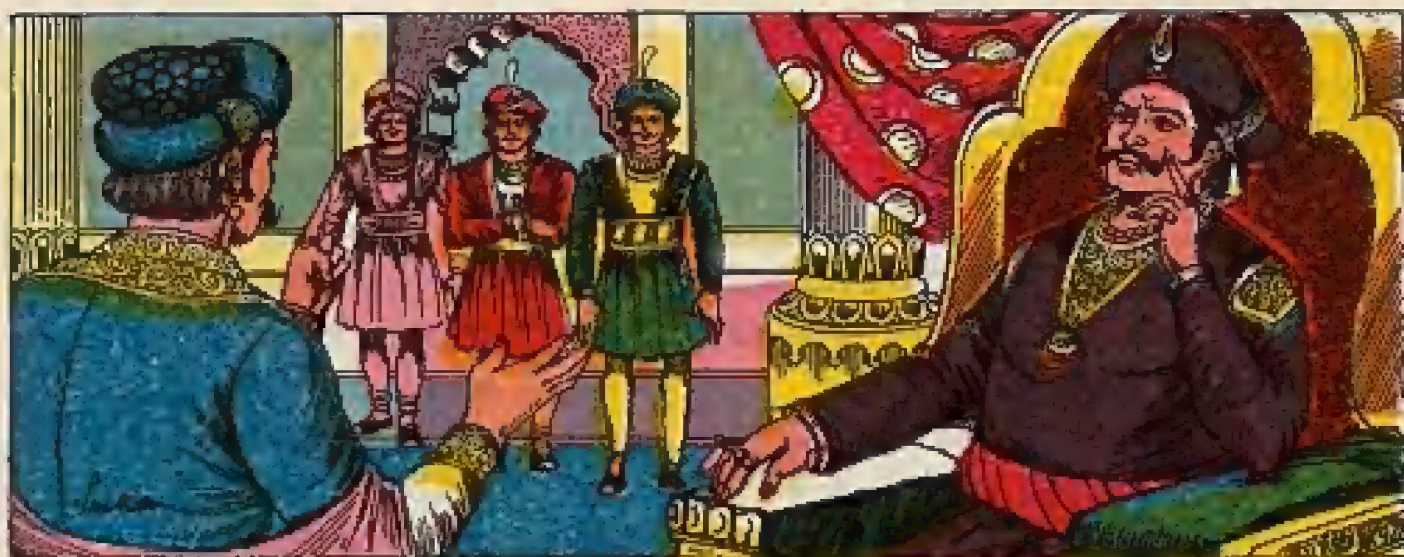
The king asked the jester, "What did you whisper to them?"

"I asked them to ride each other's horse. Raghu who rode Ramu's horse, went as fast as he could so that his own horse would come last. Ramu who rode Raghu's horse did the same. Hence the race was as lively as ever!"

The king rewarded not only the horse that came last, but also his jester.







## The trick that won A Princess!

Princess Roopmati was the only child of King Shuvdev of Satgarh.

Roopmati grew up, proving herself the most eligible bride of the time! She was beautiful and what is more, she was accomplished in a variety of arts.

King Shuvdev decided to find out who among the princes of the neighbouring lands would qualify to claim the hand of Princess Roopmati in marriage. He invited about twenty of them to his palace and tried them through various competitions, such as in archery, riding, sword-play and wrestling.

Three princes stood out as

equals from all the competitors. They were Amitabh of Siddhapur, Rudraraj of Jojangarh and Venudev of Swapanpur.

"What is to be done now? These three princes seem to excel each other in strength and valour. Whom should we choose as the bridegroom for Roopmati?" King Shuvdev asked his minister.

"My lord! I will find out who was the best of the three through another kind of competition. We will see who could show maximum tolerance under a trying situation," said the minister.

The three princes were in-



formed of the minister's proposal. They agreed to prove their power of tolerance in their own ways.

Prince Amitabh proved his patience by standing on one leg for a full day, touching no food or drink during the period.

Prince Rudraraj ran non-stop for twenty miles under a hot sun, on a desert, without shoes!

Then came Venudev's turn. He asked the minister to bring twenty small but sharp needles.

He showed his left hand to the king and then covered it with a handkerchief, save the thumb. He asked the king thereafter to plant all the twenty needles on the thumb, one after another.

All realised what a difficult trial it was. But as the king proceeded with pricking Venudev's thumb with the needles, all were amazed to see that the prince did not show the slightest sign of agony!

Prince Venudev was declared





to have shown the most remarkable feat of patience and tolerance.

Princess Roopmati was given in marriage to him with great pomp and show.

Days passed. King Shuvdev died and as willed by him, his son-in-law ascended the throne of Satgarh.

King Venudev and Queen Roopmati had now two daughters.

One afternoon, while the

royal couple, with the two baby princesses, were enjoying a stroll in their garden, the elder princess felt attracted towards a bush of wild roses.

"Father, pluck me a few of those roses," said she.

Venudev immediately instructed one of his servants to pluck the flowers. But the princess insisted, "No, father, I will accept the flowers only if you pluck them for me!"

"Why don't you oblige her?"





said the queen.

Venudev advanced at the bush. But while plucking the flowers, he cried out, "Damn it! The thorn has pricked my hand!"

Queen Roopmati hurried to the king and examined his hand. A thorn had only slightly pierced his thumb.

Surprised, the queen asked, "But how is it that you feel upset by a slight pain? Are you not the same man who once bore with patience twenty deep pricks on his thumb?"

"I am the same man," said the king blushing, "but it is not the same thumb!"

"You sound quizzical!" observed the queen.

"For a long time I have thought of confessing my guilt to you. Let me do it now. I had resorted to a trick. All the

fingers of my hand had remained safe under the handkerchief. What I showed out as my thumb was in fact a piece of carrot carefully carved to look like a thumb. It is the carrot that bore the pricks of the twenty needles and won you for me!" stated the king and lowered his head.

"Why did you cheat my father?" demanded the queen in an angry voice.

"I am sorry, but I did so for the love of you!" muttered Venudev.

"You should be punished for it!" said the queen gravely.

"I am willing to undergo any punishment you decide upon," said the king.

"You must remain confined to my apartment for a full month!" declared the queen as she giggled. *by A. C. SORCER, Magician*





## **GUNADHYA - The First Story-Teller**

The sun was setting beyond the forests in the outskirts of the town. A man with flowing hair and an unkempt beard was seen climbing a hill, carrying a heavy load on his back. His eyes seemed red with excitement and his steps were not steady. All was silent around him.

On the top of the hill the man gathered dry woods and leaves and lit a fire. Then he sat down placing the load he had carried between himself and the fire. They were stacks of palm-leaves with innumerable verses written on them.

The man picked up a stack and read aloud the verses which narrated the mystery of this creation. The hill seemed to shiver and clouds gathered overhead as he recited the sublime verses in an emotional tone. But as soon as he finished reading the volume, he threw it into the fire. He looked on with stern eyes till nothing was left of the volume.

Then he picked up another stack and began reading from it verses narrating the story of gods. From the rhythm of the breeze, from the fragrance with





which the place was filled, it seemed as if the gods had come down to listen to his recitation.

But this volume too went in flames when he had finished reciting the verses.

Trees seemed to bow down, birds came closer, animals at the foot of the hill stood enchanted when the strange man read the third volume of the works, for in this was sung the secrets of nature. But, again, no sooner had he finished reading the volume than he hurled it into the fire.

Hours passed. All was dark save the flames feeding on the palm-leaves and the stars twinkling in the sky.

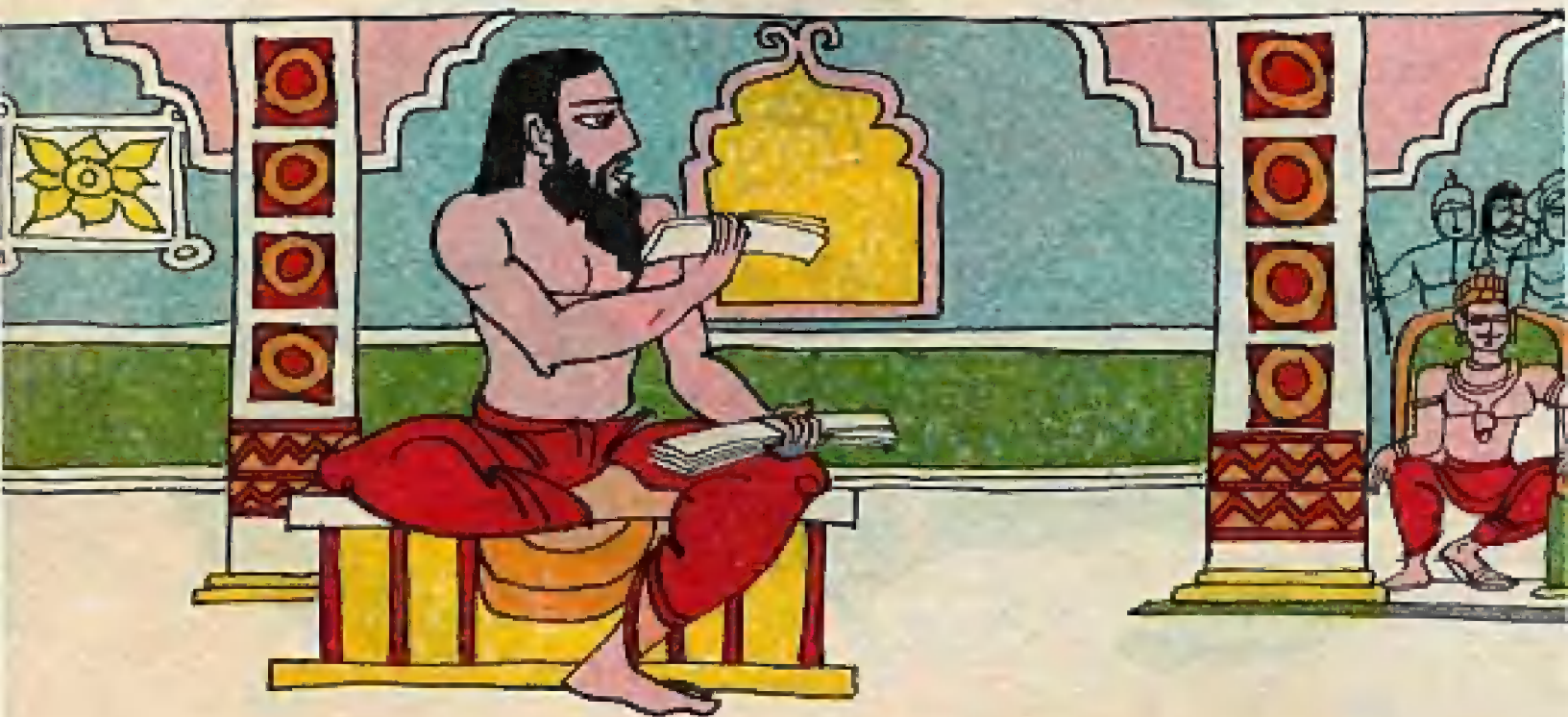
Not much of the big load which the man had carried to

the hill-top was left when with burning torches a number of riders arrived at the foot of the hill. Jumping off their horses, they climbed the hill in a great hurry. The one leading the group ran to the man and snatched away the volume he was then about to throw into the fire.

"Pardon me, O great scholar. I am ashamed of my conduct towards you. Refrain from destroying the invaluable works," said the anxious visitor.

It was the repentant voice of King Satabahana.

The adamant man who was making a bonfire of the works at last relented. He returned to the king's court. The king's followers collected and carried





what was left of the heap of palm-leaves. But that was only one-sixth of what had by then been destroyed.

The strange scholar was Gunadhya, a man who had wandered over India for years and had gathered innumerable tales and legends. He too had received, while meditating, secret communications from compassionate spirits about the creation of the world and other such matters. Also, numerous were the stories he had built up from his own imagination and experience.

All this he had put into verses—but in a language which, though popular among the common men, was not favoured in courts or among the scholars.

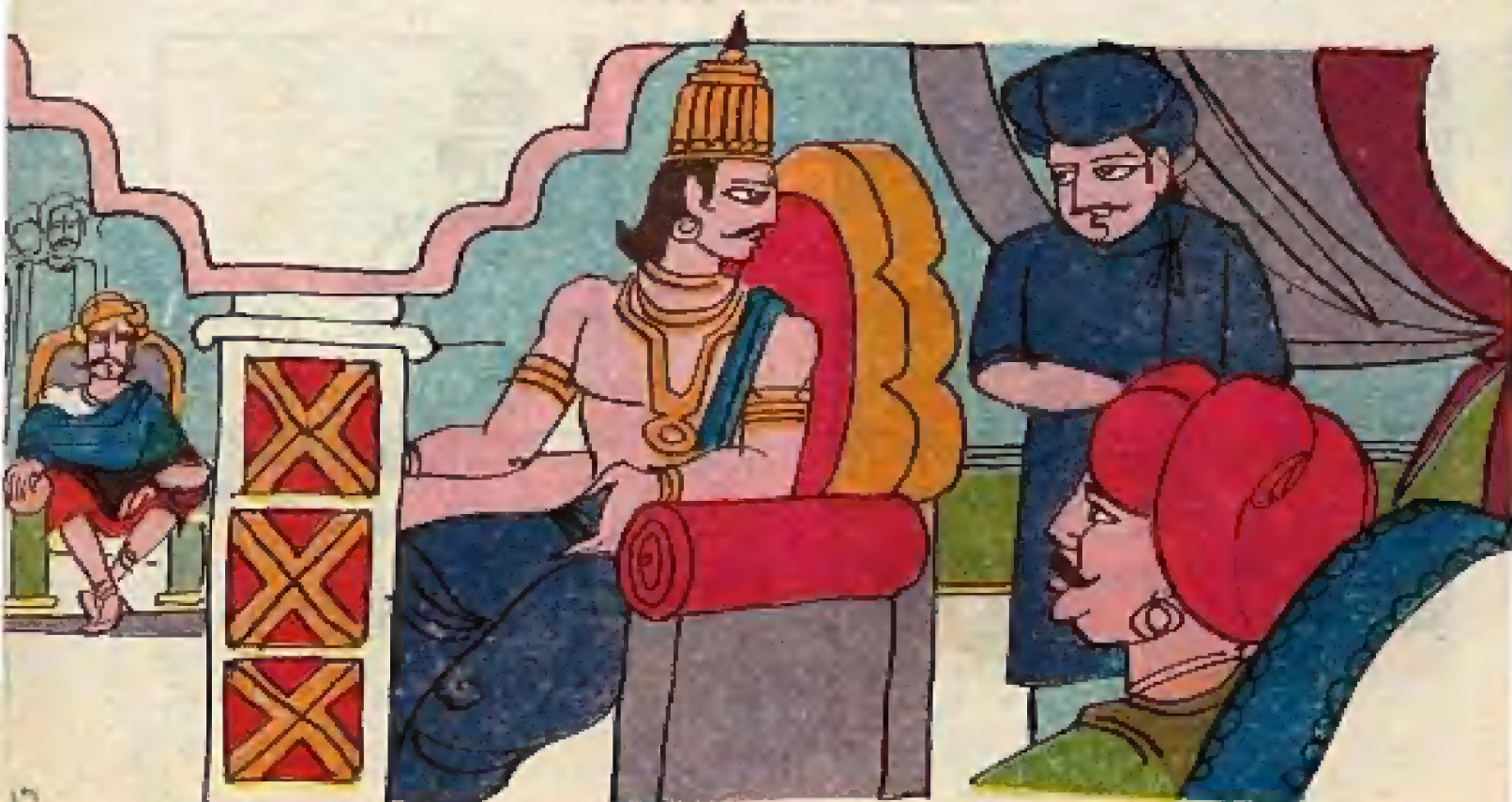
The language was known as Paishacha.

Carrying his works with him he had gone to the king. The king gave him leave to read out his works, but as he began doing so, the king was found busy looking into other urgent matters.

Gunadhya felt humiliated. Quietly he packed off. The king was too busy to notice his departure.

The angry scholar then climbed a hill and we have already seen the desperate step he took.

However, some passers-by, on noticing what he was doing, had hurried to inform the king. By then the king had realised his mistake. He galloped forth





and saved the remaining volumes of Gunadhya's great work from going up in smoke!

The work became known as *Brihat Katha*, "the long fiction".

Hundreds of years later, another great scholar, Somadeva, rendered into charming Sanskrit a part of Gunadhya's work. The world knows it as the *Kathasaritsagara*, "the ocean made up of the streams of stories".

When did Gunadhya live? To which part of India did he belong? Some historians say that he lived two thousands years ago. There are others who trace him even to an earlier century.

It has not been possible to determine his place of birth

either. Some suppose that he was born in a village on the river Godavari; others place him in the region of the Vindhya mountains or at Mathura or Ujjain or Kashmir.

Paishacha, the language in which the *Brihat Katha* was written is dead long since.

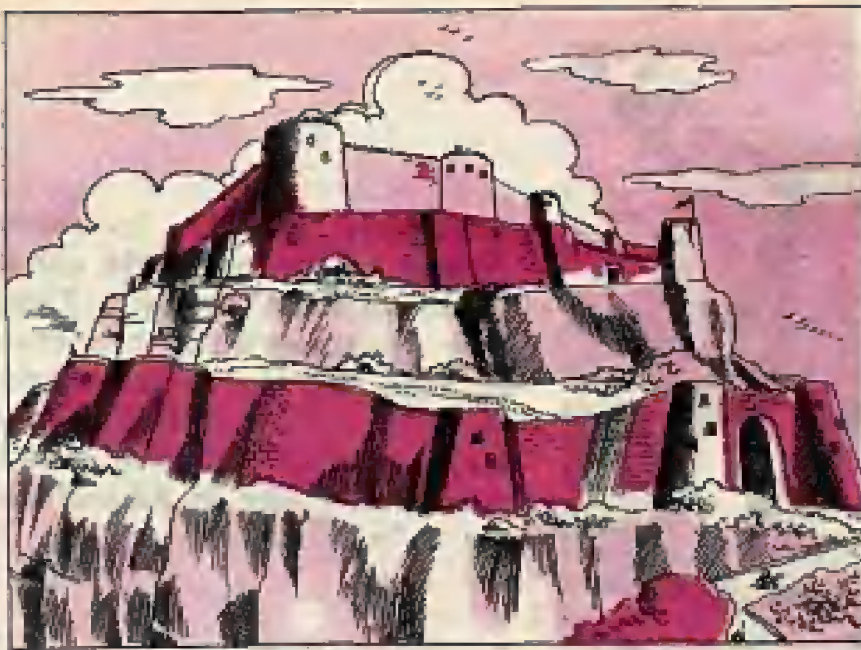
The *Katha sarit sagara*, which descended from the *Brihat Katha*, is acknowledged as the world's earliest notable collection of stories. Great has been its influence over the literatures of other lands, like the *Arabian Nights*.

Needless to say, the *Brihat Katha*, the source, and Gunadhya, its author, deserve to be remembered by all lovers of literature for all times to come.

### WONDER WITH COLOURS



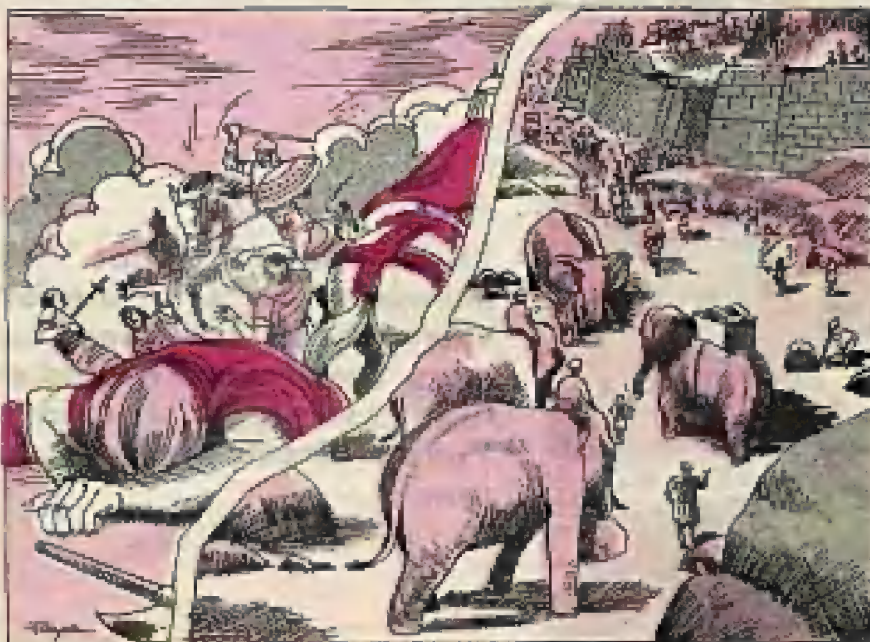




## THE DEFENDER OF ASIRGARH

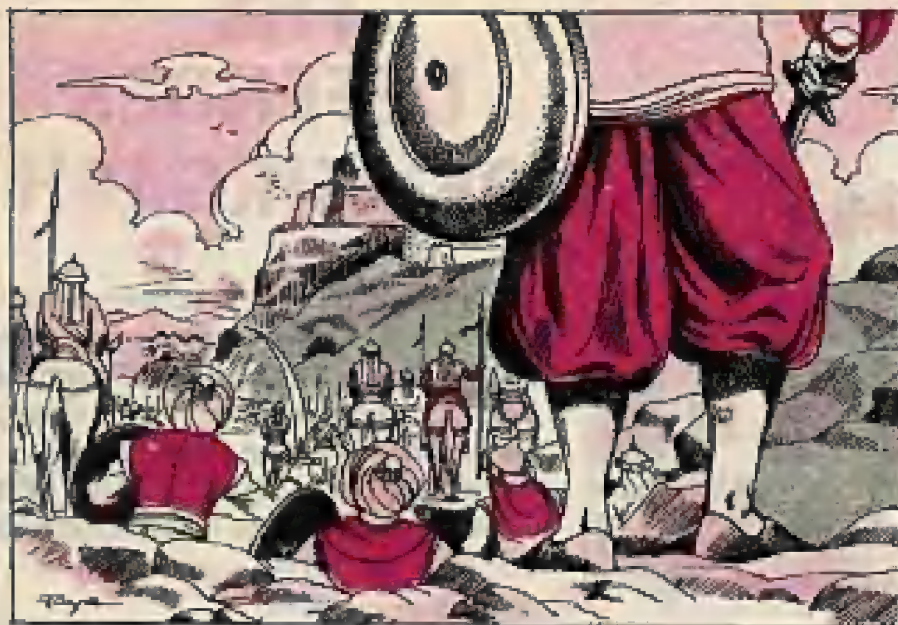
Asirgarh of the ancient kingdom of Khandesh was the biggest and strongest fort in India; according to some, probably in the world. Situated on a solitary hill 900 feet high, it was inaccessible to the enemy.

According to legend, a soldier was passing by the hill when his dog chased a deer. To the soldier's surprise, the deer turned and attacked the dog. "This is a strange and brave place. I must settle down here," thought the soldier.



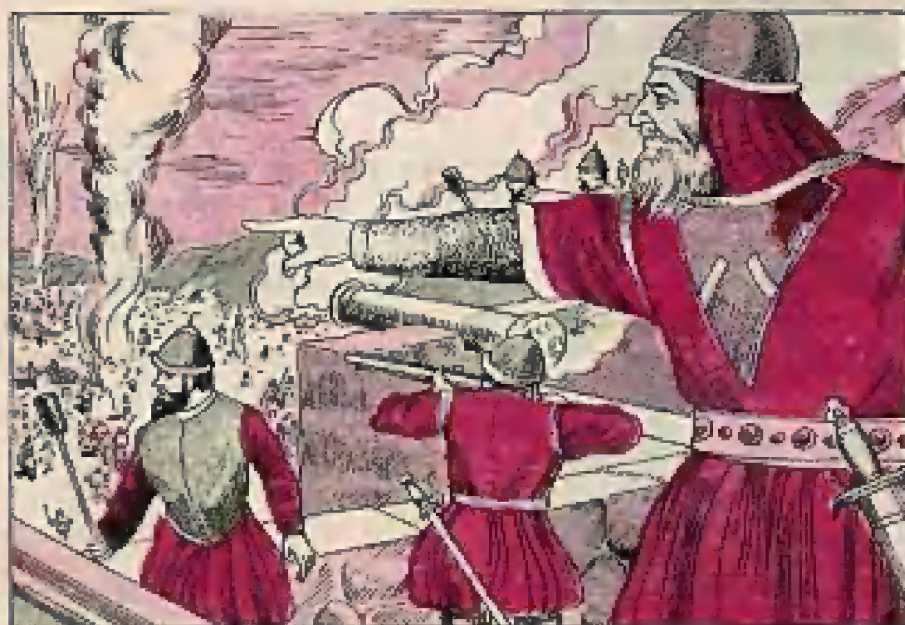
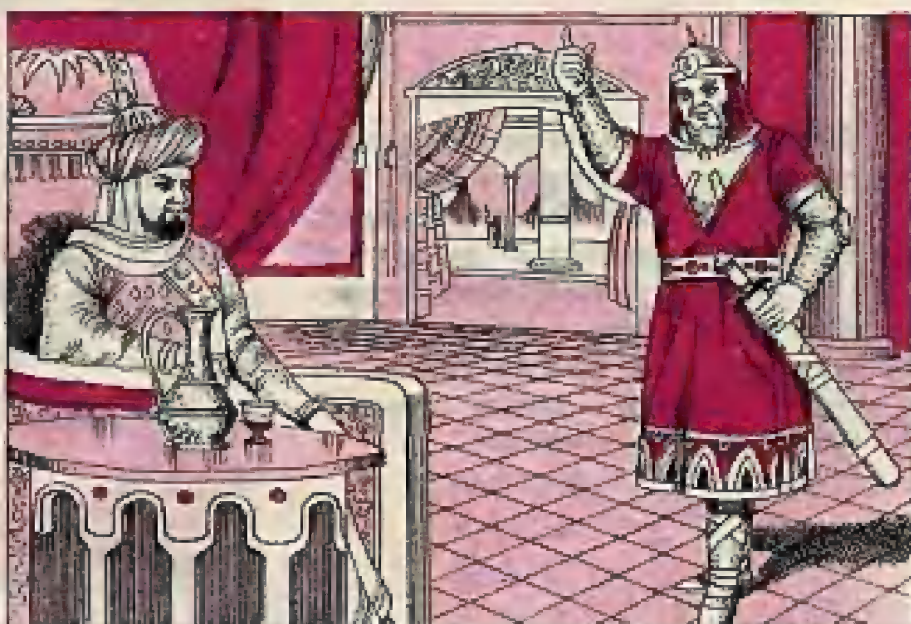
It was the grandson of this soldier who founded the Kingdom of Khandesh by defeating the landlords of the area in small battles. The huge fort of Asirgarh too was built by him.





Asirgarh lured Emperor Akbar to its foot. He came with a large army. They dug innumerable trenches around the fort and waited. Akbar demanded the surrender of Bahadur Khan, the then ruler of Khandesh.

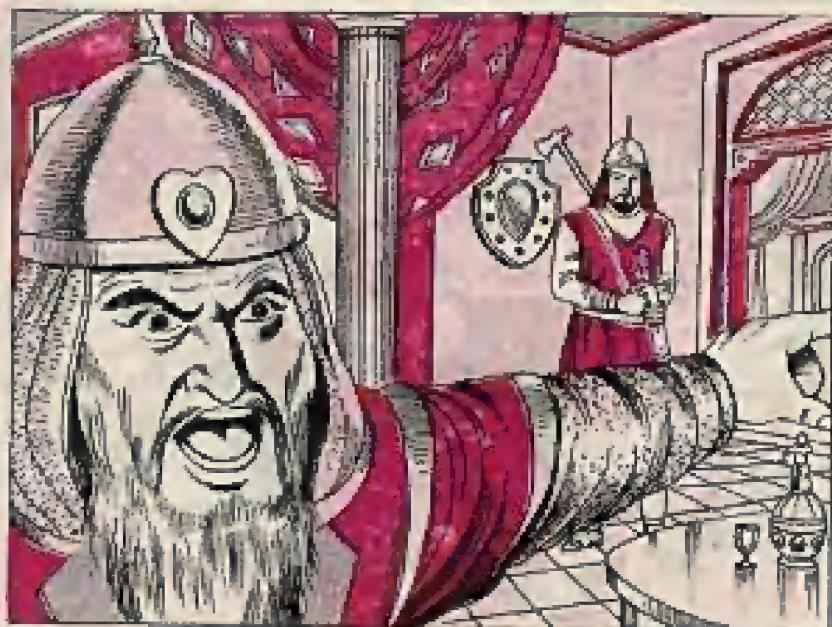
Bahadur Khan was timid. But the governor of the fort was an old Abyssinian, Malik Yakub. He assured the ruler, "Akbar cannot stay here indefinitely. Let us fight and hold on to the fort. The enemy will go back after a year or so."



There were about fifty thousand people in the fort. With three thousand cannons the Asirgarh soldiers fired at the Mughal invaders. Yakub directed the operation.

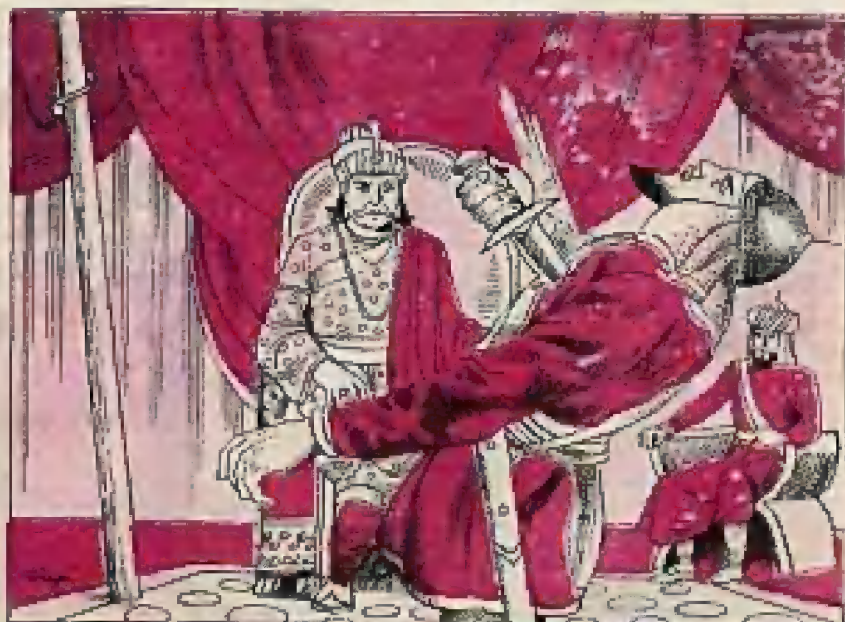


The fort had a great store of provisions to last years. Yakub insisted that Bahadur Khan must not surrender. But the ruler was getting nervous. One day, accompanied by Yakub's sons, Muqarab, Bahadur Khan slipped down and surrendered to Akbar.



Akbar detained Bahadur Khan but sent Muqarab back to the fort with the message that he will pardon all if the fort was thrown open to him. When Muqarab went and reported to his father, Yakub retorted, "Do not show me your cowardly face, my son!"

Muqarab returns to Akbar and Bahadur Khan. Akbar was expecting a happy message. But the young man stood before the two for a moment and then brought out a dagger and stabbed himself to death.

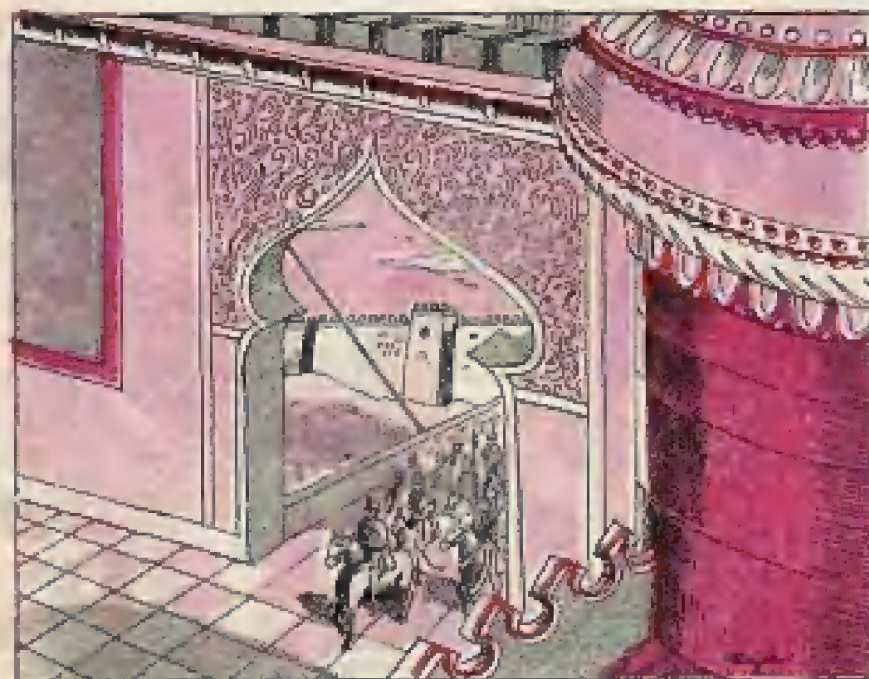






There were seven princes in the fort. Now that Bahadur Khan was gone, Yakub called them and asked who among them was ready to sit on the throne on condition that he would keep on fighting. But all the seven princes kept quiet.

By and by the Mughals won over most of the officers of Asirgarh through heavy bribes. Yakub knew that the fort cannot be defended with cowards and renegades. He dug his own grave, bade goodbye to his dear ones and killed himself by taking a poisonous drink.



When the Mughals took the fort, they could not lay their hands on Yakub. He had been under oath to defend the fort unto his death. He had done his best and had died only when he knew that all was lost. The Mughals found that the fort had provisions to defend itself for years, had they not taken it through bribing the officers.





*Tales from the Panchatantra*

## THE SWAN'S COURTESY CALL

In a lake that was situated deep inside a forest lived a solitary swan. Though alone, he spent his time happily. The forest was evergreen and the water of the lake was clear. It looked beautiful with lotuses.

One evening while the swan was about to retire for rest, an owl came hooting and sat down before him and gave him an impressive salute.

"Who are you? Why are you here?" asked the swan, quite flattered at the salute.

"I am as great a lover of beauty as you are. Like you, I too live in a green forest, beside a lake which abounds in lotuses. Sometimes little birds who have visited this lake, tell me about

you. I heard that you live alone. I thought of giving you my company once in a while. In other words, I have come here in order to give some joy to you."

The swan was not sure if he really needed an owl's company. But a gentle bird that he was he welcomed the visitor and offered him a variety of food. The owl was happy. He chose the hollow of a tree where he spent the day. At night he sat on the bank of the lake and passed his time eating what the swan gave him.

After a week the owl prepared to return to his home. But before leaving he was courteous enough to extend his invitation to the swan to visit his home.





The swan agreed to do so. The owl gave his address and then flew away. Truthful by nature as the swan was, he felt that he must pay a return visit to the owl, since he had promised it.

One morning the swan finally went out in search of the owl's home. It was not difficult for him to find out the neighbouring forest; but he could not find the beautiful lake of which the owl had spoken so highly. At last, by noon, he sat down near an old pond, polluted by the rotten leaves and branches of trees uprooted in a storm, and dead fish. There was a

hillock near the pond and the tired swan sat down on a rock, for an hour's respite.

"Hoot, hoot! Who are you? What business have you got here? Get out!" screamed an owl. The swan had no difficulty in recognising the voice. He said, "I am your friend, the swan. I have come here complying with your request!"

"Oh, have you? Well, that is nice of you," said the owl as he came out of a tunnel in the rock.

"But where is the lake abounding in lotuses?" asked the swan.

"This is the lake. The lotuses were destroyed in the storm. Will you like to have a swim in the cool water?" asked the owl.

"How can I? The water is entirely polluted!" said the swan.

"That is because the trees fell down while I was away. I would not have allowed such a thing to happen if I were here during the storm," boasted the owl and he added, "I am sorry; it is day and I cannot see well in the bright light. Otherwise I would have fetched some food for you. But wait till the nightfall."

"Don't you worry. You need



not go to find food for me even at night. I hardly eat anything but lotus stems. Besides, I have decided to return to my home soon," said the swan.

"How can that be?" protested the owl who wanted to show to other birds what a dignified guest he had, "You must stay with me till tomorrow morning."

The swan was obliged to pass the night with the owl, sitting on the rock. It was most uncomfortable, but he had to bear with it.

A merchant with his servants camped on the other side of the pond at night. Early in the morning, before resuming their journey, they blew the conch-shell as was their custom. The owl was terrified and gave out a shrieking hoot. Now, an owl's hoot was considered inauspicious at the beginning or the resumption of a journey.

The merchant felt upset. To please him, one of his guards took aim at the owl. The owl, in time, stepped aside and hid behind the swan. The swan, who had dozed off lately, attracted the guard's attention. He shot the arrow and the swan was killed.

Thus ended the gentle swan's courtesy call on his one time guest.

It has been said that it is always nice to be hospitable so far as you are concerned. But before you go to seek somebody's hospitality, you should be aware of the situation and condition of the would be host. It was all right for the owl to live on a rock by the side of a road. But for a swan who would easily attract the passer-by's attention, it was wise to live in a remoter place.

The poor swan!





## **The Sinner and His Friend**

Long long ago, a Brahmin youth named Gautam, desirous of alms, wandered far away from his home. By and by he entered a forest and sought shelter in a small village for a night.

He was given shelter. To his amazement he found that the menfolk of the village went out at night and returned with loads of wealth before daybreak. He soon understood that he had accepted the hospitality of a village of dacoits!

As a Brahmin, Gautam was expected to be pious by nature. But he was not. The way of the easy wealth tempted him to join the dacoits and he did so. No more was he required to go begging for alms. In the company of the dacoits, he hunted for birds and beasts during the day and went for plundering the houses of wealthy people of distant villages at night.

A few years passed. It so happened that a friend of Gautam, who had lost his way in the forest, chanced to see Gautam. He scolded Gautam, saying, "Being a Brahmin, you are required to devote yourself to

worship of the deity and other holy activities. But you are engrossed in sinful deeds, hunting at day and bringing grief to innocent people at night. Don't you feel shame for the way you are leading your life?"

Gautam felt remorse at his friend's admonition. Next day he left the village of the dacoits and began walking alone. He soon came across a caravan of merchants and joined them. But the caravan encountered a fierce mad elephant which killed many of its members. Others fled, among them Gautam.

Tired and hungry, Gautam reached the end of the forest and stood under an old banian tree, panting and sweating. In that tree lived a great soul in the shape of a heron, Rajadharma by name. Immensely kind and generous that he was, Rajadharma treated Gautam as his guest and procured for him various sweet fruits and led him to a cascade of clean water. When the bird came to know that Gautam was very poor and was out in search of wealth, he directed him to Virupaksha, the



king of the demons.

Virupaksha, on hearing that his great friend Rajadharma had directed Gautam to him, accorded the Brahmin a sincere welcome. Just then the demon king was observing an annual ritual in which he fed a thousand Brahmins invited from all over the country. Gautam too was received along with the

invitees and was given a large quantity of gold and other precious gifts.

Gautam was overjoyed. He had never dreamt of such a turn in his fortune. Carrying the heavy load of wealth, he began his homeward journey.

On his way he came to the banian tree of Rajadharma. It was already night. Rajadharma





entertained his guest to fruits and made a bed of soft grass for him. As a courtesy to the guest, the pious bird slept on the ground instead of in the tree.

While lying on the bed, Gautam thought, "Long is the journey to my village. I do not know if I will get any food on the way. Why not I kill this heron and carry it with me, to roast it and eat the flesh tomorrow?"

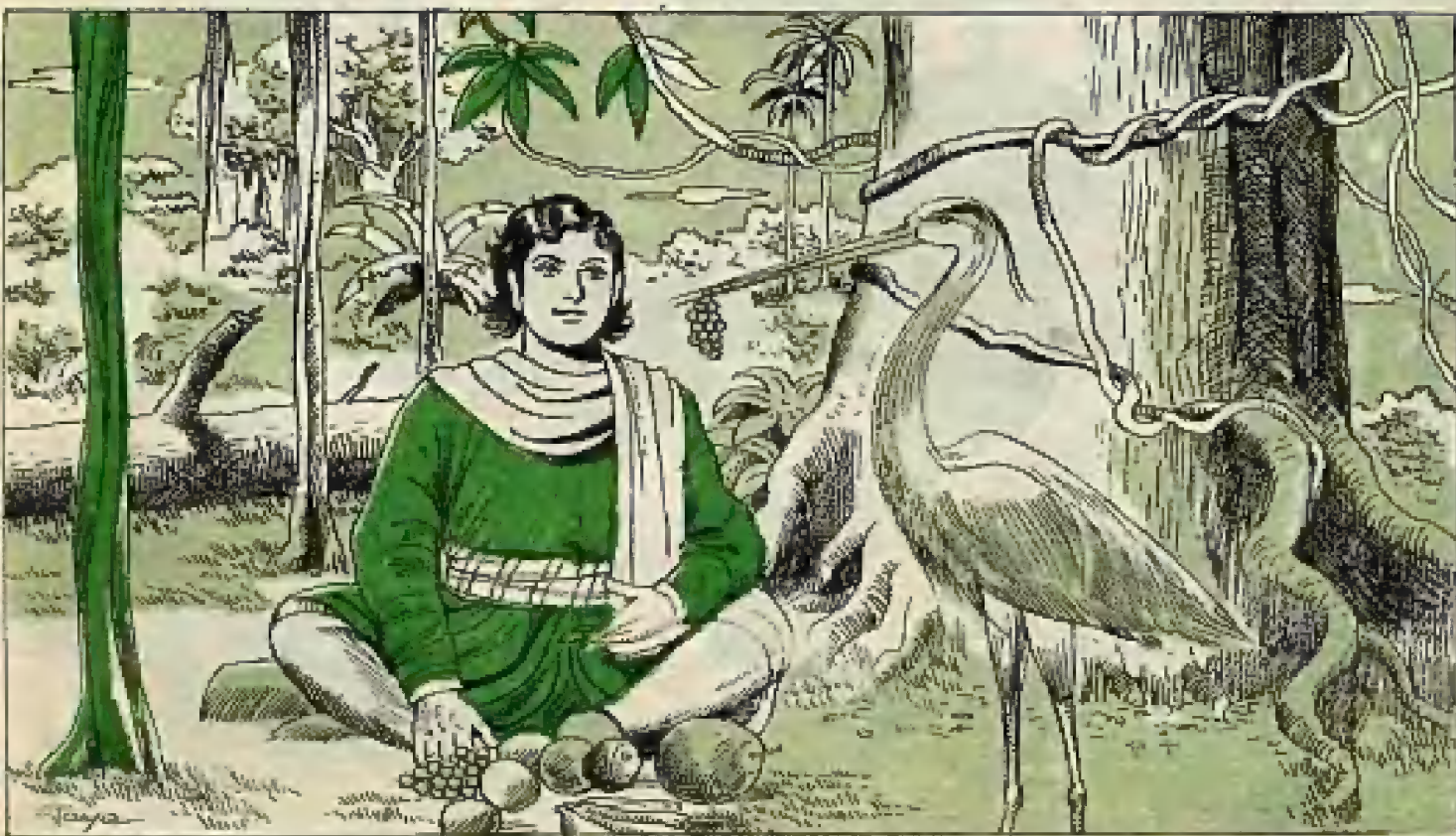
Following his own wicked thought, he killed the sleeping bird and feathered it and left the place early in the morning.

In the morning Virupaksha, the demon-king, felt like talking

to his dear friend, Rajadharm, whom he had not met for several days. He sent his son to invite the heron to his palace.

Upon reaching the banian tree, the demon-prince stood aghast at the sight of the scattered feathers of his father's friend. He followed the footsteps and, with hurried strides, soon caught up with Gautam. The wicked young man could not find time to hide the dead heron. The demon-prince caught hold of him by his hair and dragged him all the way to his father's presence.

Virupaksha was overwhelmed with sorrow and anger. To





merely kill the Brahmin would not satisfy him. He wanted the treacherous fellow to be devoured by the demons.

But no demon agreed to eat the flesh of a creature who had not only betrayed his benefactor, but also had proved so cruel to him. "Ingratitude is the greatest of all sins," they explained.

At some distance lived a small tribe of cannibals. Virupaksha offered Gautam to them. But even they were horrified at hearing what Gautam had done and refused to touch his flesh.

The demon-king killed Gautam and prepared to bury him. In the meanwhile, Suravi,

the divine cow, who knew the greatness of Rajadharma, let a stream of the nectar-like milk flow from her udders on the heron's corpse. Rajadharma came back to life, to everybody's delight.

But the first thing Rajadharma did then was to invoke the presence of Indra, the king of the gods. Upon Indra appearing before him, Rajadharma prayed for Gautam to be restored to life.

The prayer was granted.

"I had proclaimed him as my friend. I must do all I can for a friend," explained Rajadharma.







# KING LOG!

A large number of frogs resided in a lake. They passed their days happily. But some of them were frogs with ideas! They called a conference of all the frogs and said, "We have got everything—plenty of water to swim and food to eat. But our prestige cannot go up unless we have a king."

They sent some representatives to Jupiter, the chief of the gods, requesting him to give them a king. Jupiter sent them back to the lake with the assurance that their king would follow them.

The frogs were happy to hear from their representatives that they were soon going to have their king. Indeed, shortly they saw the bulky king descending from heaven. With a great splash the king settled down in

the water. The frogs, awe-struck, rushed to the bottom of the lake. Timid ones among them even dug their way into the mud.

A day or two passed. The king did not seem to stir. Curiosity got the better of an old frog who raised his head and saw the king lying immobile. He slowly approached the quiet king.

What Jupiter had thrown down was a log. The old frog addressed it with great courtesy but it made no reply. The frog then ventured to climb over it. Even then the king showed no reaction. By and by all the other frogs surrounded the log and began playing with it. The king became an object of fun.

Disappointed, the representatives went to Jupiter again and



## TALES BEHIND PROVERBS AND PHRASES



prayed for a more effective king. Jupiter sent them back, agreeing to comply with their request.

This time Jupiter sent a stork. As soon as the bird reached the lake he began gobbling up the frogs. There was absolute calm in the lake, but it was the calm of the sepulchres.

The frogs realised that it would have been infinitely better if they had continued to live without a king! But the realisation came too late.

This fable from Aesop has given us two phrases: King Log and King Stork. The first, which is more in use, means a do-nothing ruler. King Stork obviously means a tyrant who satisfies his personal greed without the least regard for the happiness of his subjects.





## A CASE OF DETECTION

It was a moonlit night. Anand, the watchman of the town, was on his round when he spied upon a thief descending from the top of a wall that surrounded a wealthy jeweller's house.

When the thief's eyes fell on Anand, he began to run. Anand pursued him. The thief soon entered a hut in a corner of the village.

The hut belonged to a tantrik named Aghorak. He could do small miracles and people were afraid of his powers. However, Anand entered the hut and captured the thief with Aghorak's help.

Then he opened the bundle which the thief carried. But the bundle contained nothing except a few instruments for breaking locks.

"What did you do with the property stolen from the jeweller's house?" demanded Anand.

"I did not steal anything. Before I got down to the other side of the wall, I saw you and got nervous and tried to escape," said the thief.

Anand was not prepared to accept this statement as true. He raised his stick and threatened to give the thief a merciless thrashing.



But Aghorak intervened, saying, "Please have patience, Mr. Watchman. If this fellow is truly innocent, you will be a sinner for your action. Let me find out for you, by the power of my *mantra*, whether the fellow had really stolen anything or not."

Anand agreed to this. Aghorak brought out a skull and muttered some incantations and said, "If the fellow has stolen nothing, the skull would move by itself. If he has stolen anything, then the skull would not move at all."

Then Aghorak touched the skull with a stick of bone. To

Anand's surprise, the skull moved for a few yards and became still.

"Do you now realise that the fellow had stolen nothing?" said Aghorak with a proud smile and added, "No use troubling him. Go and have a sound sleep for the rest of the night."

Although Anand was amazed at the magic powers of Aghorak, he somehow could not believe that the fellow had not stolen anything. He put a rope around the thief's waist and dragged him along.

In the morning Anand presented the thief at the king's court and reported of his sus-





picion. The king summoned the jeweller and asked him if his house had been burgled at night.

"No, my lord, nothing was stolen from my house at night," replied the jeweller.

Just then some police officers arrived at the court with Aghorak as their prisoner. Their chief said, "My lord! This man knows some *tantrik* tricks. Thereby he strikes awe among the people. But secretly he deals in stolen properties. We kept continuous watch on him for some days. Early this morning, while he was selling this diamond necklace to a trader, we nabbed him!"

The king looked at the necklace and exclaimed, "How strange! This belongs to the princess! This was stolen a month ago!"

The thief looked pale. But what is surprising, Anand, the watchman, turned even more pale!

Aghorak confessed, "My lord, this had been brought to me by this thief last night. I had hidden it before the watchman entered my house."

The thief confessed of having stolen it from the jeweller's house.

The jeweller, trembling with fear, confessed that the necklace had been given to him by Anand, the watchman, for selling it off to some customer.

Anand had to confess that it was he who had stolen the necklace from the palace.

Soon there was a small procession towards the jail, with Aghorak, the thief, Anand and the jeweller, escorted by the police.







*New Tales of King Vikram  
and the Vampire*

## COURAGE DISCOVERED

King Vikram returned to the tree again, while the sharp wind howled and frequent lightnings revealed fearful faces laughing and shrieking all around him. He climbed the tree and brought down the corpse possessed by the vampire. Then he resumed his journey through the cremation ground cautiously keeping to the faint track in the dark and stormy night.

Suddenly cried out the vampire, "O King! Great, no doubt, is thy valour. In days gone by, King Chatursen had to worry much to find out a young man who had valour of this kind. Be pleased to listen to that story."

Went on the vampire: Chatursen was the monarch of Chaturangapur. He was a just ruler, but he had two formidable enemies in the kings of the two neighbouring lands. Because these hostile kings were never





tired of creating trouble for him or endangering his life, Chatursen had to remain always on his guard. Wherever he went a brave and clever bodyguard named Anand accompanied him. The king felt secured as long as the alert Anand was with him.

But as bad luck would have it, Anand was afflicted by a disease as a result of which his left hand turned paralysed. He told the king ruefully, "My lord, I am not upset for what has happened to me. But I feel extremely worried on account of you. You must have a new bodyguard. If you get me a young man, I will teach him

how he should go about performing his duty. But the basic quality necessary in the candidate is unflinching courage."

"You are a noble soul, Anand, I am extremely sorry for your condition. I do not hope to find another brave bodyguard like you," said the king in a sad tone.

"My lord! You know Sudhanyu, the great archer. Let us once invite him to show his art of archery. Let us gather as many young men of the country as possible to witness Sudhanyu's archery. We will find out the right man for the post from the crowd," proposed Anand.

At the king's request Sudanyu agreed to show his feats upon the ground in front of the palace. It was announced that the king would like the youth of his country to see the feats and benefit by them. Thousands of young men gathered on the ground on the appointed day.

Before beginning his show, Sudhanyu told the king rather loudly, "My lord, I am going to show some feats of archery because you desire me to do so. But I have grown old. Besides, I am out of practice for a long time. That is why I am not quite sure of taking accurate



aim."

After giving some simple demonstrations, Sudhanyu told the king, "Now I can try some difficult feat. If a fruit is kept on a man's head, I will shoot an arrow which should pierce the fruit, doing no harm to the man."

The king announced, "I will like to see a young man who has the courage to receive Sudhanyu's arrow on the fruit which would be kept on his head!"

At once a hundred young men came forward to brave the risk.

But said Sudhanyu, "As I mentioned earlier, I am not quite sure of my capacity at striking a target accurately. Before I venture to show the said feat, I better try my hand at a few similar exercises in which no human life is involved.

He then instructed the king's servants to place a stool at a distance with two pots on it, one made of gold and the other of silver. He declared, "I intend to strike the lid of the gold pot," and discharged his arrow!

But instead of the gold pot, the arrow struck the lid of the silver pot. Sudhanyu muttered, "Pity!" and sighed.



Thereafter two earthen jars were kept on the stool, one filled with rose water and the other with plain water.

"I intend to make a hole on the jar containing the rose water with my first arrow. With the second arrow, I propose to seal off the hole," said Sudhanyu.

But instead of making a hole on the jar with the rose water, his first arrow made the hole on the other jar. However, by the second arrow he succeeded in sealing off the hole.

Sudhanyu then announced his readiness to try to pierce the fruit which was to be placed on somebody's head. But he warn-





Sudhanyu took aim. An awful silence prevailed. Many among the gathering closed their eyes. But the young man with the fruit did not betray any anxiety.

Sudhanyu discharged his arrow. It pierced the fruit and took it off the young man's head. The gathering applauded the young man's courage and the archer's great efficiency. The king called the young man near him and gave him a heavy reward and asked him if he would like to be employed as his bodyguard. The young man gladly agreed to the proposal.

The vampire ended his story here and asked, "Tell me, O King, why did King Chatursen accept Anand's proposal to hold a show of archery by Sudhanyu? When Sudhanyu himself was not sure of the steadiness of his hand, how did he venture to show the risky feat? Why did Anand whisper to the king that the young man who did not step back was to be the king's new bodyguard? If you know the answers but choose to keep mum, your head would be shattered to pieces!"

Answered King Vikram, "The king accepted Anand's proposal because he knew that more than

ed, "Young men! You have seen that my hands are not as steady as they used to be. Think twice before coming forward to bear the target on your heads."

Of the hundred young men who had earlier volunteered to face him, all but one stepped back.

The remaining young man picked up a fruit which had been kept for the purpose and placed it on his head and said, addressing the archer, "Please go ahead!"

"My lord! This young man is to be your new bodyguard," Anand whispered to the king.





himself it was Anand who was keen to find out a bodyguard for him. Anand knew better than anyone else the qualities that were necessary for making an efficient bodyguard. Hence the king left it to him to decide in what way a young man with such qualities is to be found. Secondly, any man with a sound common sense could have understood that Sudhanyu's hands had not become unsteady. Had they become so, his arrow would not have struck the lid of the silver pot or the water jar. At worst, it could be said that while he announced his target as one, he aimed at a

different target. But the fact is, he only pretended to have grown unsteady. Anand advised the king to accept the young man who braved the arrow as the new bodyguard because the young man showed his trust in the king as well as his courage. The young man knew that the king himself would not have asked a man to come forward to face the archer unless he was sure of the archer's capacity. So far as the proof of the young man's courage is concerned, it was obvious."

As soon as the king finished answering the vampire, the corpse gave him the slip.

"Sir, why do you listen to everything we say, but speak so little?" a disciple asked his guru.

"My son! God has given me two ears to hear, but only one tongue to talk," replied the guru.





## TIRED OF LIFE!

Shyamal's forefathers were rich. They had also earned titles from the king for some remarkable service they had rendered to the land.

But their fortunes had begun dwindling during the days of Shyamal's father. And hardly anything was left when the father died and it fell to Shyamal's lot to manage the household.

But the family's reputation still went strong. Shyamal found it easy to get things on credit from different shopkeepers. When the shopkeepers would not give any more credit, he approached money-lenders and borrowed cash.

But he never bothered to repay the loans. Soon the money-lenders began visiting him to demand their dues. Shyamal found it convenient to

go out to some friend's house and pass the whole day there and to return home only at night. Thereby he avoided confronting the creditors.

One night, upon his return home, his wife told him, "I am not going to allow you to go out tomorrow. You must face the money-lenders. I am harassed enough."

Shyamal could not sleep. He was full of remorse. After his wife was asleep, he went out of the house taking soft steps.

At the end of the village, under a banian tree, was an old, abandoned well. "I must put an end to this cursed life of mine," he told himself and prepared to jump into the well.

"Wait, you fool!" a voice with a nasal accent stopped him. Shyamal saw with horror a strange vaporous being emerging from the well. But fear



soon left him as the being spoke in a soft voice, "Do not dream of forgetting your sorrows by dying. Long ago, I too had been beset with sorrows and had jumped into this well and died. But that hardly solved any problem. I continued to be pained looking at the plight of my wife and children while I could do nothing physically to help them. That was, of course, many years ago. All the members of my family are dead since long."

"But, Mr. Ghost, I must die. If I don't, my creditors would flay me alive in the morning," explained Shyamal.

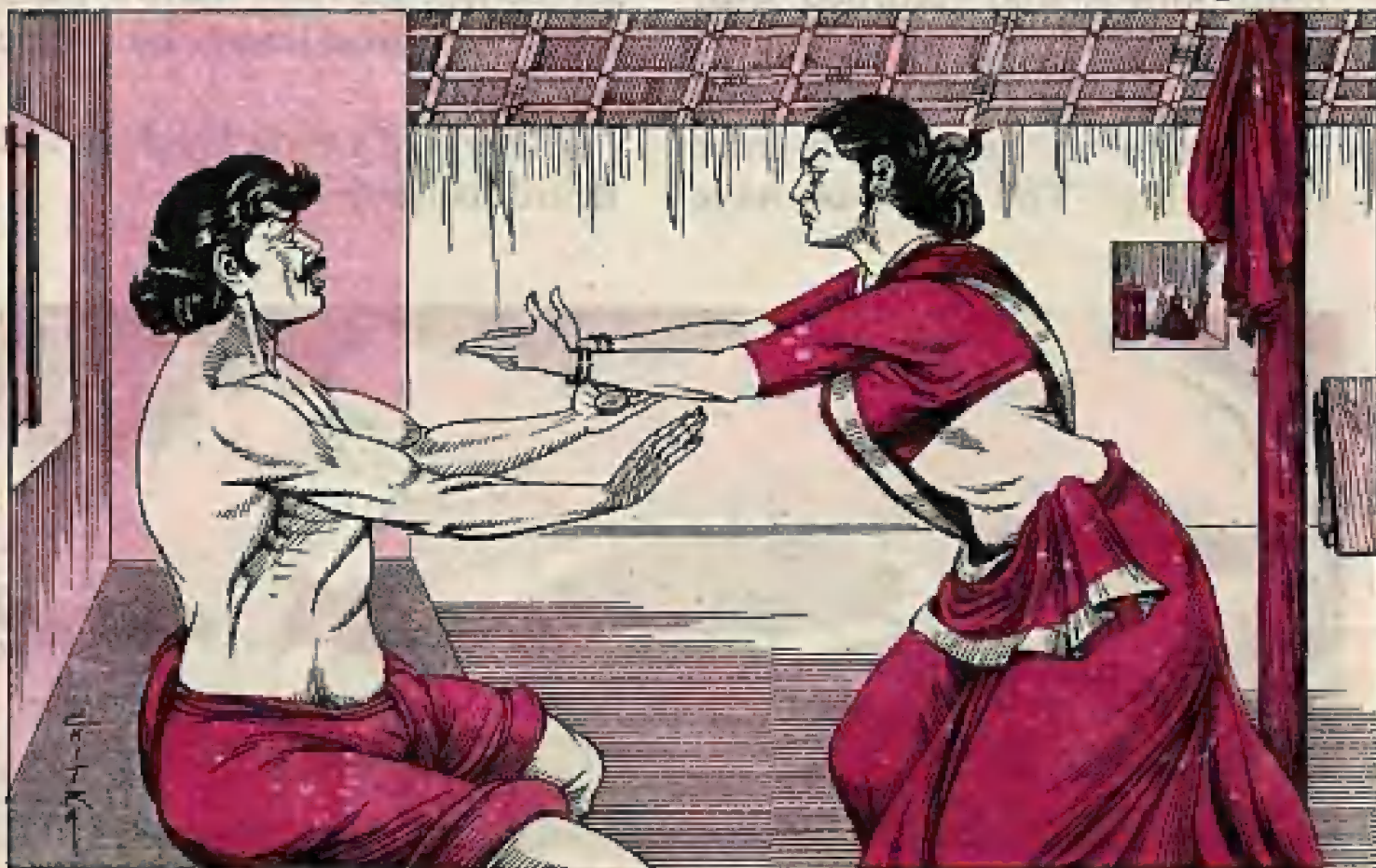
"Well, wait," said the ghost

as he disappeared in the well. The next moment he came up with a lump of gold and giving it to Shyamal, said, "This should be enough to liquidate your loans. Go away and earn your livelihood through work."

Shyamal ran to his home even forgetting to thank the ghost. In the morning he sold the lump of gold and with the money obtained paid back his loans. Thereafter he feasted for three days with his friends.

Nothing was left on the fourth day. His wife whispered to him, "Why don't you pretend to jump into the well again?"

Shyamal considered this an excellent idea. At night he





reached the well and pretended to jump into it.

"Wait, my friend, what is the matter with you again?" asked the surprised ghost.

"I am no more harassed by creditors. But how to feed my family? Better I do away with this wretched life!" said Shyamal.

The ghost disappeared for a second and, reappearing, handed over another lump of gold to Shyamal. Shyamal returned home happily.

For a fortnight there was continuous merry-making in his house. When the last paisa had been spent, Shyamal went to the well again and pretended to jump into it and returned with yet another lump of gold.

"For a long time it has been my desire to have some nice ornaments. The gold you have

brought this time should be used for that purpose," said his wife. The ornaments were made and the wife advised Shyamal to go to the well once more.

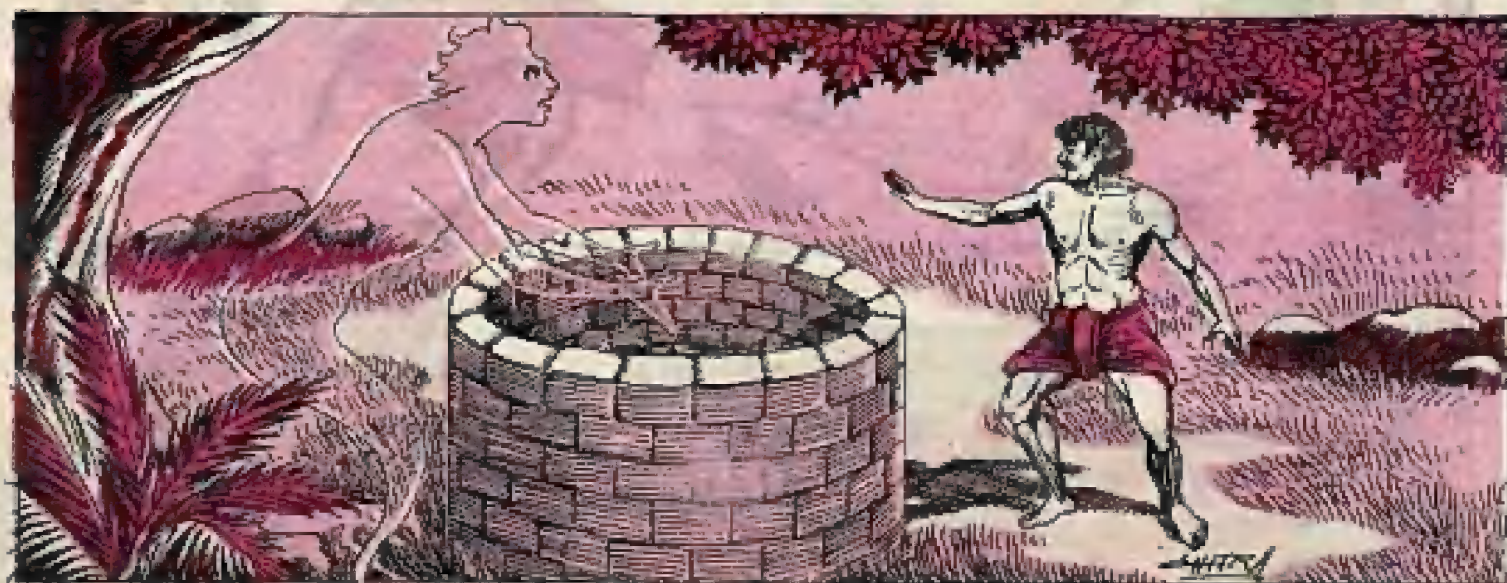
"What is the matter?" asked the ghost again.

"Well, I'm just tired of life and I wish to finish with it," replied Shyamal.

"Fine, I too am tired of you. Come on, I will help you to die. Then we will be excellent companions," said the ghost gleefully.

Shyamal at once jumped down from the edge of the well—not into it, but to the road that stretched towards his home and ran for life, saying, "Mr. Ghost, let me just see once more if I can earn my livelihood by some work!"

The ghost's eerie laughter was heard behind him.







After Hanuman had given his opinion on the question of granting shelter to Vibhisana, Rama said, "It will be gross improper on our part to refuse asylum to Vibhisana, whatever be his nature and motive."

But Sugriva was not sure of the soundness of such a step. He wondered how wise it would be to lay trust in a person who had deserted his own brother in a time of crisis. He said again that it would be better to avoid Vibhisana's contact.

Even Lakshmana said that accepting Vibhisana as a friend might invite danger. "Who can say that Ravana has not sent him to kill us?" he asked. Sugriva supported him, saying

they should not forget that the refugee was Ravana's own brother!

But Rama explained at some length why he was in favour of granting asylum to Vibhisana. "It is nothing unusual for brothers to quarrel. Vibhisana had come to us because his counsel was turned down by Ravana." Rama also showed how convenient it would be to have Vibhisana, who knew the secrets of Lanka, on their side. At last he put forth his decision, saying, "I just cannot turn down the request of a person who has come with the hope of finding shelter in our camp."

There was no argument after this. Sugriva hurried out and



ushered in Vibhisana. Along with his followers Vibhisana bowed down to Rama and said, "Humiliated by Ravana, I have come seeking your favour. I have left behind in Lanka my family and my property. This shows the despair into which I was driven. Now I am at your disposal. My future is in your hands."

Rama was pleased with the frankly uttered words of Vibhisana. He gave him solace and then asked him about the strength of Ravana and his lieutenants.

Answered Vibhisana, "Ravana is immune to the attacks of demons and several other types

of being. Kumbhakarna, who is younger than Ravana and older than me, can equal Indra, the king of gods, in strength. Indrajit, the son of Ravana, possessed such talisman and garments whereby he could become invisible. He worshipped the god of fire for even more valour. The generals of Ravana were most efficient. There were a number of demons who could change their shapes and forms at will."

In a voice that betrayed grim determination, Rama said, "I understand that Ravana is strong and proud. But I promise in the name of my dear younger brother that I will





reduce his strength and pride to dust. All who support him would be destroyed and I will crown you the king of Lanka, Only after that I will return to Ayodhya."

Vibhisana, overwhelmed with emotion, fell at Rama's feet and said, "I assure you of my most dedicated service. I will myself destroy as many demons as possible and pave the way to a glorious victory for you."

Rama embraced Vibhisana and instructed Lakshmana to declare Vibhisana the King of Lanka, after his symbolic coronation with the sacred sea water.

The Vanaras arranged for the celebration with great enthu-

siasm. The coronation was over. Now, so far as Rama's camp was concerned, Vibhisana was the real King of Lanka.

Sugriva and Hanuman took Vibhisana aside and asked him, "How to cross the sea with our huge army?"

"If Rama would undertake penance and invoke the co-operation of the sea, our work would be easy. The sea should not grudge a favour to Rama as Sagara, the celebrated ancestor of Rama, had done a good turn to the sea," said Vibhisana.

When Vibhisana's suggestion was conveyed to Rama by Sugriva, he at once agreed to abide by it. Rama lay on the shore







meditating on the spirit of the sea.

In the meanwhile a spy of Ravana, Shardula by name, had a hurried survey of Rama's camp and reported to Ravana, "My lord! Great is the number of Rama's soldiers. I had had just a glimpse of them and that impressed me much. You may expect a formidable invasion. However, for details of the enemy's preparations, better send a more capable spy."

Ravana called a demon named Shuka and asked him to proceed to the other side of the sea. "Go and tell Sugriva that if I have kidnapped Sita, the fight should be between

myself and Rama. What business has he to involve himself in the affair? Advise him to return to Kiskindhya," he said.

Shuka assumed the form of a gigantic parrot and flew down to Rama's camp. Circling overhead, he delivered Ravana's message to Sugriva.

Instantly a number of demons leaped up and pulled Shuka down to the ground. Shuka cried out, "Listen, O Rama, is it proper to maim or kill an emissary?"

Rama ordered the Vanaras to release Shuka. Up in the sky again, Shuka asked Sugriva, "What is your reply to Ravana's message?"

Said Sugriva, "Tell your king that neither he was my friend nor I was beholden to him for anything. On the other hand, he has proved himself an enemy of my friend, Ramachandra. Hence I have only one motive and that is to kill Ravana and all those who stand by him. To kidnap Sita while Ramachandra and Lakshmana were away has been a sin of the worst kind. How can a sinner expect any consideration from me?"

While Shuka was about to leave, Angada jumped up and



stopped him and told Sugriva, "This creature pretends to be an emissary. But from the way he is looking here and there, it seems that he is a spy who has come here to take note of our strength."

Sugriva ordered the Vanaras to capture Shuka. As the Vanaras pounced upon him, Shuka cried again, "Save me, save me! They are plucking my feathers!"

Rama intervened and asked the Vanaras not to harass the demon-bird. But Shuka was taken prisoner.

Thereafter Rama became engrossed in meditation. He continued in that state for three days and three nights. But the spirit of the sea did not seem to respond.

Rama grew angry. He called Lakshmana and said, "Why is the sea behaving in such a strange manner? Well, I will teach it a lesson. Fetch my bow and arrows."

Lakshmana fetched the weapon obediently. Rama lifted the bow and shot an arrow at the sea. There was a great splash and the waters shot up high enough to touch the clouds. Huge waves were seen rising and breaking in tumult.



Rama took aim again. But Lakshmana pleaded with him to wait for a moment. Rama brought down the bow but uttered, looking at the vast water, "Listen, O Sea, if you do not co-operate with me, I will turn you into a desert. Either you are too ignorant to appreciate the import of my mission, or you are in liaison with the demons who live amidst your waters."

Rama thereafter raised his bow again and prepared to send into the sea an arrow which was terrible. The wind seemed restless and the sky seemed gloomy with panic. The sea recoiled. Rama pondered over



his action for a while. Suddenly the diety of the sea emerged from the waters, accompanied by the deities of such divine rivers as Ganga and Sindhu. Her colour was that of sapphire and she wore garlands of magnificent flowers.

The deity greeted Rama and said, "Be patient, O Ramachandra, and pay heed to my words. I am bound by my own nature. It is not within my capacity to quieten my waves or to withdraw the waters. But I can promise that while proceeding to Lanka, your soldiers would have no danger from the creatures living in the waters."

"I understand. But I have already put my arrow in the bow. I cannot withdraw it. Where should I aim it?" asked Rama.

"In the far north lives Abhar,

a sinner who has no equal on earth. Send your arrow at him and save the land from his misdeeds," said the deity.

Rama did as advised by the deity. His arrow killed the distant sinner and made a deep well at the place which came to be known as the Vranakupa.

The deity told Rama again, "In your camp you have Neel, the son of Viswakarma, the architect of the gods. He can plan and execute the construction of a barrage across the waters. I will see that the construction is not harmed by the waves."

The deity disappeared. Neel was entrusted with the work of constructing the bridge which he accepted gladly. Forthwith the work began, with the dedicated Vanaras excelling each other in enthusiasm.

Contd.







## A KING'S CONDUCT

This happened hundreds of years ago. King Chandrasen was the monarch of Vaishali then. He was a kind but strict ruler.

One day a petty officer of the king met him privately and said with tears in his eyes, "My lord! Since several months a young man visits our house almost every evening. He wears disguise, but he claims to be related to you. He demands my daughter's hand in marriage and threatens to kill me and burn down my house if I would refuse. My daughter is already betrothed to another young man. What should I do? The fellow

has given me ultimatum, saying that unless I agree to his proposal by tomorrow night, he will carry out his threats."

The king asked the officer not to worry. Next day, in the evening, he put on a disguise and went to the officer's house. He hid in a corner with the officer's knowledge.

At night the young man entered the house and asked the officer in an arrogant tone for his decision.

"You cannot marry my daughter, young man. Please do not be obstinate. Go back," said the officer.

The young man instantly



brandished a dagger and was about to stab the officer when the king jumped out of his hiding, put out the lamp and attacked the young man. In the next moment the young man lay dead.

The king asked for a lamp and looking at the deadbody, uttered, "O God, great is your mercy!"

Then the king asked the officer to lead him to their kitchen. He seated himself on the kitchen floor and called for whatever food they had cooked. It seems, he relished the items which were by no means worthy of the royal palate.

The officer felt puzzled. He gathered courage and asked the king the reasons for his strange conduct.

Said the king, "To be frank, when you described the figure of the young man to me, I suspected that he could be my son. Who else would dare to be so very audacious? I put out the lamp lest I should hesitate to punish my own son. I thanked God when I found that my suspicion was wrong; the young man was not my son.

"Then, when I heard your complaint yesterday, I took the vow silently that I will not touch a morsel of food unless I had put an end to your trouble. I was quite hungry by now. So I desired to eat whatever food you had in your kitchen."

The king arranged for the deadbody to be removed and then departed. Tears of gratefulness rolled down the officer's cheeks.







## Just A Pumpkin

Ramdas had a trusted servant in Mangu who looked after his vegetable farm.

One day, Mangu's wife desired to prepare a certain item with pumpkin. But they had no money to buy the fruit. While Mangu was taking his lunch, his wife said, "Will you please bring home a pumpkin from your master's farm? I must have it by tomorrow morning."

"How can I do that?" asked Mangu, "The master would not allow me to lay my hand on one before he has offered a few of them to the deity in the village temple. That is what he does every year!" replied Mangu.

"That will not be before a week. But I must have a pumpkin tomorrow. Bring one for me and oblige," said the woman.

"You mean, I should bring one without the master's knowledge, should I? But that will be stealing. I cannot do that," replied Mangu rudely.

His wife instantly broke into tears and said between sobs, "Am I asking you for a gold necklace or a diamond ring? All I desire to have is a pumpkin. And is procuring a petty fruit for one's wife called theft?"

Mangu could not bear to see his wife shedding tears—and streams of them at that! He tried to stop the flow by promising her a pumpkin at the week's





end—two or three of them if necessary! But that was of no avail. He had to agree to do the needful the very next day, early in the morning. Only then the tears stopped.

After Mangu left for the farm, his happy wife went to a woman of the neighbourhood and asked her the art of preparing the particular item she had in mind.

"But no pumpkin has appeared in the market yet. How do you propose to prepare the item?" asked the woman.

"My husband has promised to get me one tomorrow from his master's farm," whispered

Mangu's wife. The realisation that she should not have said it came rather late.

The woman of the neighbourhood, who had a desire to befriend Ramdas's wife, proceeded to her forthwith and reported what Mangu's wife had unwittingly told her. "Take care of your farm, good lady, I'm afraid, all your best fruits are on their way to your farmer's kitchen!"

Ramdas's wife duly reported the matter to her husband and insisted that Mangu be dismissed from his employment.

"But Mangu is one of my most trusted servants. How can I dismiss him, that too for an offence which is yet to be committed?" said Ramdas.

"You give no value to my words!" grumbled Ramdas's wife and broke into tears.

Ramdas promised to do the needful. On the next day, before it was dawn, he reached his farm and hid behind a tree. It was a part of Mangu's duty to visit the farm early in the morning, bringing fodder for cattle who were kept in a shed there. Mangu arrived duly in a cart and unloaded the fodder. As Ramdas looked on from his hiding, Mangu then went to the





pumpkin patch and plucked a fruit and kept it in the cart.

While Mangu was closing the gate, Ramdas stealthily got into the cart. Mangu drove the cart without the least idea that he was not only carrying a stolen pumpkin but also its owner.

Upon reaching his home, Mangu alighted and parted the screen of the cart. There sat his master, with the pumpkin on his lap!

"What is this, Mangu, I thought you were driving at my house!" said Ramdas.

Mangu stood silent, head hung.

"I understand everything, Mangu. But this was never

expected of your," said Ramdas gravely.

"I am guilty of theft, master, but it is all because my wife insisted on having a pumpkin today," fumbled out Mangu.

"And my wife insists that I must dismiss you from the service!" said Ramdas.

Mangu was on the verge of weeping. Ramdas patted him on the back and said, "We have to be guided in our actions by our own sense of what is good or what is bad, Mangu, not by others' unjust demands. Now, go and give the pumpkin to your wife. Then drive me to my house! Forget all about it."

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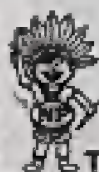
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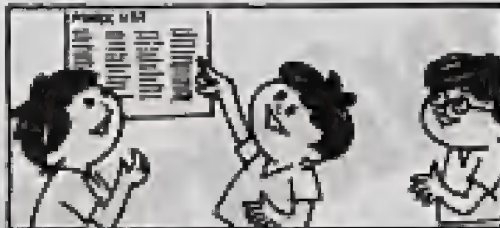


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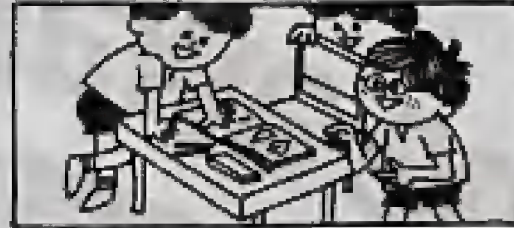
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# RAJU'S SECRET



Hey — Raju's first again !  
How does he do it ?  
Teacher always favours him.  
Shh — Chaps — let's look in his desk.



Wow — look at his Geometry book !  
Drawings so neat, so accurate !



His Science Book — such  
beautiful diagrams !  
Teacher writes 'Excellent, keep it up !'  
Quick — put them back — Raju's coming !



Looking for something boys ?  
Yes, Raju. Your secret.  
How's your work always so  
neat and tidy ?



Simple, Chaps. My Camel  
Instrument Box. That's  
my secret. It's so  
accurate — the best I've ever used.

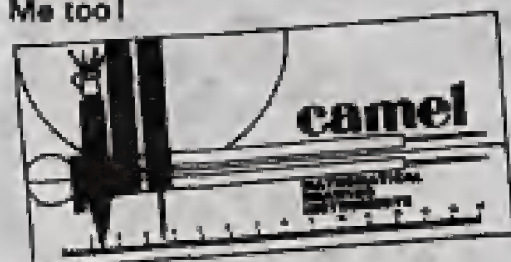


Wow — must ask mother to get one  
right away !  
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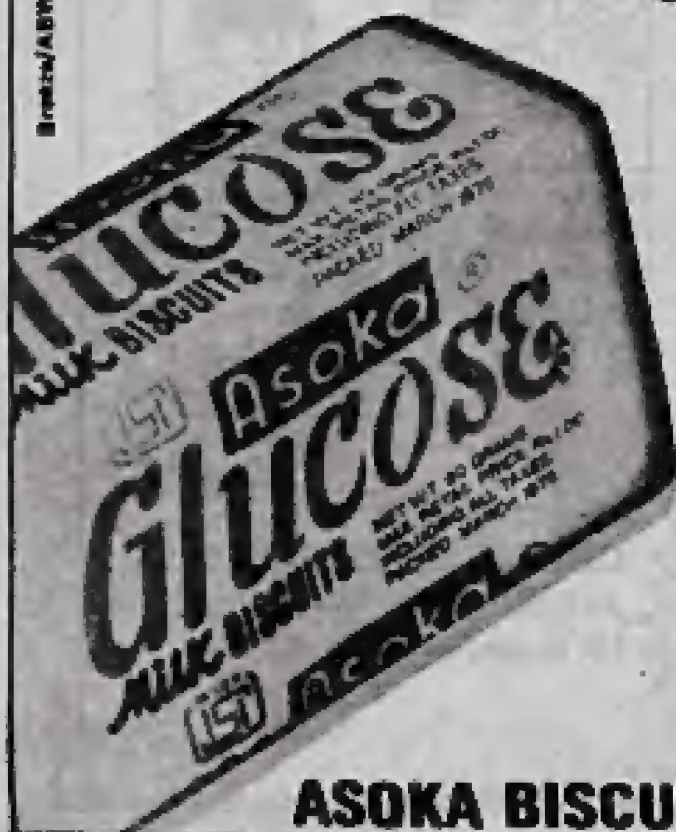
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